

The Critic

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An Hour with Dumas.

A MAN, says Emerson, is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle. Whoever should find M. Alexandre Dumas in one of his good moods will be dazzled by the brilliancy of an angle at every turn; for unlike great personalities whose chief features indicate their essence, the author of 'La Dame aux Camélias' possesses so many traits that they cannot be called characteristics, not only because of their variety, but of their evenly distributed intensity. To say that he is a bold thinker, a profound sociologist, an original artist, would but give the outline of this bizarre nature, which abounds in surprises. When through the fire-works of his rhetoric pierce the manifold subtleties of the Semitic Parisian, or the African's pride of wisdom, one understands how the manifestations of nature are more powerful than the offspring of the most careful culture, and realizes that the intermixture of races is responsible for the supremacy of this mind, which reigns in the republic of wit 'par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance.'

A few days ago I passed a morning seated on the opposite side of the chimney, listening to M. Dumas's views of men and things. I knew from his cordial greeting that he was in a talkative mood; so, as he buried himself in his big arm-chair, and gave the brisk fire a thrust with a pair of tongs that looked as if they might have been part of the furniture of the three musketeers, I told him that I wanted to hear something he had never said before.

'Well, what are we going to talk about?—literature?' said M. Dumas. 'By all means; and begin by saying why you are so hard on your contemporaries, old and young.' Because I am surrounded by *chefs d'œuvre*. Everybody has written one, and wants you to know it. *Chefs d'œuvre* are not so plentiful as that. One may deem himself fortunate if, in a life-time, he writes one good thing. Take the inventory of a century, and see what you find—the Eighteenth, for instance. Diderot; two novels: "Gil-Blas" and "Manon Lescaut;" two plays: "Le Mariage de Figaro" and "Le Barbier;" a few comedies by Marivaux; some extracts from Voltaire—and that is all. What do you think the Nineteenth will leave? 'The French Academy in an improved condition,' I ventured. (This might as well have been a private reflection; M. Dumas gave no sign of having heard it.) 'Why, everybody can write,' he continued. 'Nothing is more common than literature. But the pretty phrases mean nothing. It is action—great initiatives—I want, though they demolish old beliefs. See how Renan was denounced because he dared to assail old beliefs. Not that it shocks so many; but there are certain things we can believe without the privilege of saying them aloud. We do not want to deceive ourselves, but the French have a horror of the disagreeable and of responsibility. The same rule applies in politics; lately, when we were for a moment without a President and seemed in such a hurry to find another, don't believe it was for fear of any threatening danger. It was simply the necessity of having some one on whose shoulders might be placed the responsibility of future mistakes.'

'Don't you think these characteristics have caused foreigners to charge the French with instability, with flightiness?' 'Foreigners!' M. Dumas repeated superciliously; 'what do foreigners know about us? They cannot understand us; it is incredible how essentially Parisian one must be to know Paris at all. I may go so far as to say he must not leave it for forty-eight hours, under penalty of not finding it the same on his return. How can foreigners who visit here—no matter for what length of time—know us? When the papers carry abroad the news of a great event, the reader says: "Ah, poor people! Let us go and see what is going on in Paris." They take the train, and when they arrive they find us—starting for a ball! It is all over. What they expected to find had been swept along by that rushing tide of ideas that rises hourly between the Madeleine and the Rue Montmartre. What are the other capitals of Europe, from St. Petersburg to London?—provincial towns or business agencies. It is the constant effervescence of thought that gives Paris its *rayonnement*, and Parisians their imperiousness even to the elements. They drink beer in the open air all the year round, instead of shutting themselves up like the Germans.'

'But that heavy atmosphere of beer and smoke has been the conductor of a very analytic and philosophic current of thought.' 'Doubtless; but never clear, like French philosophy. Germans always lose themselves in metaphysics—Goethe, like the rest, with his "Faust." We can guess what he aimed at in the second part, but he had lost himself. A Frenchman never undertakes a problem unless he is sure of the solution. Montaigne has told us everything that has ever been said, and how clearly! Speaking of German philosophers, I always think of Kant, who said that his work was understood only by God and himself, and when about to die added that henceforth God alone would be able to make anything out of it. . . . Russians? I despise them as a race; they are neither frank nor truthful. Of course their literature plays an important part in the present movement. What has given them this great vogue is the color of mysticism diffused in all their productions. Their form of genius is quite apart. You see the race has been for so long accustomed to bow down before the Tsar, that the first result of emancipation has been to precipitate them into mysticism as a new field of thought. All this has been very attractive to us. The greatest of their writers, in my opinion, is Dostoyefsky. Tourguenoff is *un pauvre sire*; the writer who denies Balzac cuts his own measure short. Tolstoi has remarkable qualities as a writer, but why the devil does he go pulling carts and making shoes. That's the form his mysticism takes. For the matter of that, they are all crazy—which is in their favor, since madness is the habitual form of genius; so at least our doctors tell us, and I am very much of their opinion. When you see a mind like Victor Hugo's passing with lightning rapidity from black to white, it is a phenomenon occasioned by the loss of equilibrium.'

M. Dumas uttered none of these criticisms in a bigoted tone, but rather in a manner which indicated that he had strayed for a moment from his usual unyielding positivism. When he ceased speaking, I noticed that his expression had undergone a change. No longer the fascinating glow, radiating as it were from pleasure at his own words, but in its stead a rigid smile—the smile he will assume when the usher at the drawing-room of Dame Posterity announces the name of Alexandre Dumas the younger.

During this pause in the conversation, I had risen, and was looking over the book-shelves, which, alternating with pictures of the modern school since 1830, line the walls of the study. I asked M. Dumas if his library contained any books by American authors. 'Yes; you'll find their ancestor, Cooper; my father esteemed him highly,' he answered. 'And don't you find the efforts of that young race interesting?' 'Americans?' he asked; 'they are very adaptable.' 'More than that, Monsieur. See their progress in art.' 'Art, of course; they found it was necessary to have pictures, so

they bought some—the bigger the better! They have no originality. They owe everything they have done to other nations; that's why they have never produced a genius. They have even imitated our vanities. Just as soon as they have gained the chief thing to be had in their own country—the mighty dollar—they must see Europe. That's the first step towards being an aristocrat. Italy is full of Americans with Italian titles, who are unaware that true aristocracy is like the bloom of a century-plant, that comes after a hundred years' growth; add a century or two more, and the plant is marvellous. Thus we see Mme. Elizabeth, who, stepping on the foot of the executioner as she ascended the scaffold, said: "Pardon, Monsieur le bourreau."

"Then you deny that there are aristocrats of nature?" "Not at all. Henri Murger, for instance—the most consummate Bohemian—whether in a *brasserie* with a pipe in his mouth, or in a salon in a borrowed swallow-tail, was a type of distinction." "I assure you the Americans have qualities of mind and temperament which will enable them to rival any of the old civilizations." "Time will show," said M. Dumas. "They certainly will have less difficulty in getting rid of certain prejudices than we who drag behind us fourteen centuries of traditions. What had America to do in the beginning of her career, but to study our laws, our finances, our religions, our customs, and to accept what pleased her and discard the rest. See how quickly she regulated the law of divorce that we, for so long, found it impossible to do." "Granted, Monsieur; and as you have pronounced the word divorce, there is one phase of American life which I beg to submit to one who has made such a study of the eternal feminine." "Well?" "It is a cause of very legitimate pride with the men of America, that their countrywomen have proved that a liberal education and personal judgment are the best and safest prompters in the choice of a husband." "Pooh, pooh!—a woman marries a man because she likes him, or doesn't marry him if she does not: that's the beginning and the end of their analysis. I am surrounded by women, now mothers and grandmothers, whom I knew as girls. I have been able to observe very closely how much is implied by marriage. The day that woman is given the same rights and privileges as man, she will despise him. Until that time she is dependent on him. What is more farcical than the institution called marriage? Women regard it as a liberator. It prefixes "Madame" to their names, and takes them away from papa and mamma, of whom they are no doubt very fond but whom they are delighted to leave. For some it insures the gratification of maternal instincts; nothing else."

I left the study, which is situated at the top of the house, and descending the stairs passed more pictures—many of them inspired by admiration of the feminine in nature. In the tapestried vestibule I stopped before the large statue of Alexandre Dumas *père*, by Gustave Doré. What a coincidence the blending of these two names! and how striking may suddenly appear certain affinities between men whose names the world would never think of pronouncing in the same breath—Doré and Dumas *père*, both fecund minds and each in his way a gigantic hewer of work. And I wondered with whose artistic fame could be associated, in the same way, the name of him who wrote 'Le Demi-monde' and 'L'Etrangère.' I came to the conclusion that I should have to search for an artist whose drawing is as crafty as Lucifer, whose sentiment conventional, and whose color intoxicating past expression. One leaves the presence of M. Dumas with the unquiet, still-craving sensation that might be experienced after an interview with Proteus. It is because, now chief priest and now the idol of that most curious religion called wit, he alone knows when he is before the altar and when on the pedestal; for the oracles he renders are transformed through his own words into incense, which the neophytes are too ready to waft to him.

LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

As supplementing Mme. de Lautreppe's paper, we reproduce a paragraph or two from a very interesting letter recently printed in a 'syndicate' of leading American newspapers.

Intimate friends climb two flights of a fine old oaken staircase to the study of the dramatist, where the eye is gratified with a mass of pictures and books. In the middle of this well-lighted room is an immense writing-table laden with letters, papers, books, and a stand for penholders, where bristle as many as thirty yellow goose-quills. Dumas will have nothing to do with the prosaic steel pen, nor the aristocratic gold pen, and the legibility of his chirography suffers somewhat in consequence. Next to this study is the author's bed-room. Here again are pictures and other objects of art, a beautiful set of Sevres and Saxe being especially noticeable on the mantelpiece. The bed is low and wide, with a spring and hair mattress. The only luxurious things in the rooms are objects of art.

Dumas is an early riser. He is out of bed at 6:30 in summer and at 7 in winter. After dressing, he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends, and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about 4, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at 6, and goes to bed between 10 and 11. Dumas is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He enjoys exercise and plays billiards with this in view. He is very orderly. I have seen him more than once, feather-duster in hand, employed in dusting his study; at another time, I have found him in his shirt-sleeves, aided by a servant, changing the place of a piece of furniture. It is on Sunday that he especially indulges in this house-cleaning mania. He is often assisted on these occasions by his god-son—a young man of forty!—who is as much attached to Dumas as a son would be.

Alexandre Dumas does not believe that young girls should enjoy much liberty. His two daughters were never allowed to go to the theatre or to balls. Up to the day of her marriage, Mlle. Collette had gone to but one evening party, and but twice to the theatre, on both of which occasions tragedies were played. But since she has become a mother, Mme. Lippmann goes everywhere, reads everything, sees everything. She copies her father's manuscripts, and frequently criticises them, and the father often profits by the observations of his daughter. For instance Mme. Lippmann was not satisfied with the first act of 'Denise' until it had been rewritten twice. Mme. Lippmann has had four children, two of whom are still living. The baby is now eighteen months old. This good mother has golden hair, fine blue eyes like her father, a pretty mouth and delicate aristocratic hands. She is, in a word, an elegant Parisienne. Mme. Lippmann's unmarried sister, Mlle. Jeannine, has a rich head of hair and a soft sweet face. She is a remarkable young violinist who has studied under M. Planel and M. Garcin, leader of the Conservatory orchestra.

Toward the middle of May, Alexandre Dumas leaves Paris for Marly, a few miles away, where he bought a place some time ago. One of his neighbors is Victorien Sardou. The whole family, accompanies him, even M. and Mme. Lippmann and the grandchildren. At the end of June they all move on to Puys, near Etrebat, on the Channel, where the dramatist has a fine establishment, and where he remains until the end of September. Here it is that Dumas does most of his literary work, and here will be finished his new five-act drama which is to be brought out next winter at the Théâtre Français. The piece is already under way, but the author will not go seriously to work at it until surrounded with the quiet of the seaside.

Reviews

Dean Church's "Dante."^{*}

IT HAS BEEN nearly forty years since Dean Church's essay on Dante, now reissued, first appeared in one of the English reviews, yet the work has not lost its charm with time. Ostensibly undertaking to review Dr. J. A. Carlyle's prose translation of the 'Inferno,' which came out in 1849, the article made little or no reference to Carlyle's work, but simply used it as a peg whereon to hang the reviewer's own magnificent discourse. Buffon, it was said, always composed in full dress; Dean Church seems to have done the same. The

^{*} Dante, and Other Essays. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

pomp and plenitude of his diction remind us of the gorgeous reredos which the Dean himself has just had erected in St. Paul's: a diction nervous, stimulating, suggestive in a high degree, born of profound scholarship, and recalling in its music and 'circumstance' old Hooker or Jeremy Taylor. And who indeed could approach Dante—at once the Italian Isaiah and the Italian St. John, the incarnation of fierceness and love,—without feeling his soul kindle, his wings flutter, his imagination glow like the ruby of Parsifal, his words stretch to an Aeschylean length? Certainly no interpreter has felt this mystic enthusiasm more than Dean Church, and yet none has given a saner, surer, keener or more intelligible account of that triple whirlwind in words, the 'Inferno,' 'Purgatorio,' and 'Paradiso' of Alighieri. Rejecting the absurd notions of the commentators who would make of this sublime trinity a mere burst of allegorical flatulence, a stentorian utterance of mediæval scholasticism, a deification of symbols and figures, of vices and virtues, Dean Church sees in it the history of a human soul, the memoir of a shrunken spirit, the story of a mighty love, the reflection of all contemporary life and art: in short, a world picture in which the individual and the multitude both play strenuous parts, shot through and through with gleams and twistings of theology, with reminiscences of earth and heaven, with personal experience and transcendental speculation, to be sure; but still, and always, radiant with the soul of the man Dante, and having his soul-history as its 'blessed rose' and central core. The wonderful and exquisite structure built about this core is what we call the 'Divina Commedia,' called a 'comedy' because it 'begins sadly and ends joyously,' and was written in the vulgar tongue—Dante's soul-house, wherein everything that struck or strove with him is hung as a picture on the wall, memorially, and yet ever to be contemplated as a type, as universally true and likely to occur to everybody. It is this core of personality bursting through the rind of allegory that makes the poem so attractive while so weird, and its complexity is the true birth of its time. The poet stands in the midst of it all and waves his magician's wand, making the trembling water become crystal for us, circle within circle, so that we can stop and gaze at it, wondering and musing all the while at what is crystallized within it. And ever at its clear centre we behold Dante, in human flesh and blood, full of laughter and tears, the historian, allegorist, poet, and pilgrim, singing and scorning, transfiguring or impaling the men and women, the cities and popes, the politics and theology of his memory. The other essays are devoted to Wordsworth and to Browning's 'Sordello,' but they are thrown entirely into the shade by the 'Dante.'

Mrs. Oliphant's "Second Son."*

THIS STORY, which we praised as a serial in *The Atlantic*, has appeared in a most attractive volume. As a study of character, with deep feeling associated with perfectly simple and realistic incidents, it is one of the best novels of the year. The grouping of the three brothers around the one woman is admirably managed; and Lily is a new creation in fiction. We have had an overstore of light, foolish, pretty girls of the lower classes, fascinating gentlemen from the sphere above them, and either in the end ruining the man or letting themselves be ruined; but Lily, light and foolish as any of the rest, is a different creature when it comes to the point of actually letting herself sin or be sinned against. The account of her night in London is a masterpiece of descriptive and analytic art. There is no sudden conversion of the light-headed girl to unrealistic repentance and virtue; but we are shown the pure instincts of a woman, with all her folly and lightness and ambition, feeling her whole nature revolt against actual wrong-doing as keenly as any high-strung creature of a higher social position. What to do with Lily after this must have puzzled the author; but

the sequel is perfectly consistent both with Lily's elaborate light-headedness and her simple pure-heartedness: she becomes companion to the rich old lady who has enough of the frivolous in her own composition to be satisfied with Lily's pretty face and somewhat meagre mental outfit. Every character in the story is drawn with wonderful cleverness, and hundreds of delicate touches give the reader a delicious sense of enjoyment. The choleric old Squire is a strong feature of the tale; and his indignation when he learns, not that Stephen tricked Lily, but that having meant to trick her, he had found the young woman too 'smart' for him, is wonderfully natural and amusing.

We have said so much from month to month in praise of the story, that we have left ourselves little to add now. The authors have dovetailed their work together most wonderfully; you cannot insert the point of a conjectural knife-blade where you think one left off and the other began. The share of each is not to be guessed at, but the entire result is perfectly satisfactory. Mrs. Oliphant might have written every word of it; but just what each *did* do, we have not been clever enough to find out. Indirectly the story is a very ingenious showing-up of the ridiculous phases of primogeniture, and of law which leaves it a question of all or nothing for heirs, irrespective of justice, or of worth or worthlessness in beneficiary or victim.

"Picked Up in the Streets."*

TO THE long list of Mrs. Wister's translations from the German we must now add Schobert's 'Picked Up in the Streets,' a thrilling story of Paris and Germany, with mingled warp and woof of plot and counterplot. The book opens so weakly that one is tempted at first to put it down, seeming to foresee from the first exactly what the plot is going to be. A *blast* Russian prince, a *blast attaché* to an embassy, a wonderfully lovely orphan girl picked up in the streets: does not the sequel appear as plainly as the nose on your face? It is as infallible as one of Miss Leslie's recipes: so-and-so must happen! Yet—it does not. You read on; things become interesting; the 'plot thickens'; new elements are drawn into it; new contingencies—new impossibilities—emerge, to be resolved after much bitterness into sweet harmonies and things altogether possible. Two or three strong characters stand aloof and aloft, and show that Herr Schobert has a sharp power of analysis and characterization, and that his Germans and Russians are not walking and talking puppets. The court life at a petty German principality is admirably depicted; not less so the courtiers and princelets, and the strong, luminous figure of the heroine. Mrs. Wister translates with delightful ease, and brings all these things before us as if she were composing originally, and not translating. The circulating libraries will revel in her new venture.

Seven Short Stories.†

'THE New Minister's Great Opportunity' was a magazine story full of satire and humor, which many will remember and be glad to meet again in a little volume with other stories by the same author. There are only seven of these stories in all, but they are worth seven times seven of the ordinary novel. Two of them are entirely new, and the rest, which appeared originally in *The Century* and *The Atlantic*, are all so good that one would rather have them over again than the average kind of new ones. 'Five Hundred Dollars'—which, as the opening story, gives its name to the book—is a strong and tender little study of remorse, that most wonderful passion of the human soul. 'The Village Convict' is a powerful little sermon, as well as an interesting story, showing the almost superhuman strength that it requires for even the most genuinely repentant sinner, who has been convicted and punished, to withstand the

* The Second Son. By Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Picked Up in the Streets. From the German of H. Schobert, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
† Five Hundred Dollars. By C. H. W. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

discouragement to his efforts to do better. The stories are about evenly divided between the pathetic and the humorous; but the most pleasing one is the last, of which we have already spoken—"The New Minister's Great Opportunity." The death of a centenarian in his parish is 'a golden opportunity,' in the eyes of the villagers, for the new minister to distinguish himself by a funeral sermon of unusual power; but the most eager efforts of the poor minister fail to elicit any facts in the aged man's personal career on which to dwell with the eloquence expected of him. Finally he makes his sermon a *resume* of all the wonderful things that had happened in the general world outside during his parishioner's lifetime. It is a remarkable sermon in the eyes of the bereaved relatives and acquaintances, who at once establish some occult relation between the old gentleman's existence and the occurrence of all these astonishing facts. The subtle humor of the suggestion is worked out with great literary skill.

Recent Educational Works.

AT THE DIRECTION of the Belgian Minister of Public Instruction, Prof. Paul Fredericq of the University of Ghent attended the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh. He took advantage of his trip to the United Kingdom to observe the methods of advanced instruction in history. In the four universities of Scotland, with their forty-five hundred students, and at Cambridge, Oxford, and other seats of learning, he visited professors, students and class-rooms. On his return he issued a pamphlet entitled 'The Study of History in England and Scotland,' which has been neatly translated from the French by Miss Henrietta Leonard, an *alumna* of Smith College. A number of interesting details of student life at Oxford are given, which makes the pamphlet valuable apart from its special interest as a monograph. In the study of history Scotland is woefully behind; and Oxford, despite its wealth of apparatus and personnel, and its deserved reputation for harmoniously developing body and mind, is not far ahead of the Scotch. The colleges separately, however, do more for history than the university; and Parliament boasts thirty Balliol men. Cambridge is highly favored; and much pleasant and useful detail is given to the teachers of history and their methods. Prof. J. R. Seeley seems to be the model instructor in this department, as well as a writer of a high order. Mr. E. A. Freeman's work is also treated of. The text of this (No. X.) in the fifth series of Johns Hopkins's University Studies (Baltimore) is sprightly and readable. All interested in the teaching or study of history ought to read, as they certainly would enjoy it.—NUMBER XII in this series is an account of 'European Schools of History and Politics,' by ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell, the value of which is not diminished by its conciseness, nor by the fact that it was delivered nine years ago. It is now revised, and accompanied by additional matter from various sources.

MANUAL TRAINING, in American public-schools, has certainly come to stay; its development in the country towns will be slow, but in the cities it is sure to receive a steady flow of municipal and private gifts of buildings, apparatus, and funds. It is no foe to that public-school system which, with all its faults, lies at the foundation of American life, and must there remain; but it tends to correct the one-sidedness of our free education of children; to prevent the introduction of advanced intellectual subjects which ought not to be taught at the expense of the taxpayers; and to remove or minimize the danger of crowding the 'professions' with weaklings, while debasing and decimating the honorable technical pursuits upon which our national life is peculiarly dependent. Much that is interesting and instructive can be found in a serviceable volume on 'The Manual Training School' (D. C. Heath & Co.), by Prof. C. M. Woodward, Director of the Manual Training School of Washington University, St. Louis. By the aid of descriptive statements, addresses in full, extracts from reports, illustrations, etc., he gives ample material for learning what the schools have tried to do, what means they have used, and how far they have succeeded as yet. But the reader must do his own hunting in these 366 octavo pages, which assuredly do not display the charms of progressive method, nor avoid the fault of repetition. One might declare them an 'awful example' of the literary results of manual training, were it not that Prof. Woodward announces himself on the title-page as an A.B. of Harvard. It should be said, in fairness, that the author states explicitly that he expects no one to read *all* of his book; the mazes of which are unfolded by a good index.—MARGARET K. SMITH's translation of Robert Seidel's (of Switzerland) 'Industrial Instruction' (D. C. Heath & Co.) is as methodical and progressive as need be: one of

those neat and orderly discussions of education which we often get from foreign sources, and which are practical in their reliance upon facts and yet poetic in their visions of the future. The author deems manual training a necessity, and he replies, *seriatim*, to all the objections that have been, or can properly be, raised against it. His theories and plans need some modification in America, but his book is well worth reading by those interested in the subject.—THERE are already sixteen entries under the Manual Training division of Superintendent James MacAlister's excellent 'Catalogue of the Pedagogical Library and the Books of Reference' in his office in Philadelphia (Burk & McFetridge, printers); and the two volumes reviewed above are added in his appendix. Mr. MacAlister has done a sound service to his teachers and to the friends of education in making so large and catholic a collection of helps, old and new; and this catalogue, which is unusually free from major and minor errors, is well worth putting on the shelf beside Prof. G. Stanley Hall's 'Bibliography of Education.' Other superintendents and cities would do well to imitate the example here set.

STUDENTS of Anglo-Saxon ('Old English') will rejoice to find evidence of the growing popularity of their favorite study in the issue of a new edition of the 'Sievers-Cook Old English Grammar' (Ginn & Co.) so soon after the appearance of the first edition. This grammar became the standard Old English Grammar as soon as it was published, in spite of its apparent difficulty and dryness. It is quite indispensable to a serious study of pre-conquest English, and in its revised form gives evidence that it has benefitted by criticisms no less than by the new and important matter contained in the second German edition. Prof. Albert S. Cook's contributions to the book are numerous and far from unimportant; and his revision was carried out under the eye, and with the express sanction, of Sievers. Full indexes of the words quoted from other languages have been added.

PROF. W. D. WHITNEY'S 'Practical French' (Henry Holt & Co.) is a new volume taken from the author's larger grammar (reviewed in THE CRITIC some time ago). It is Part I. of that work, but offers as novelties 'Conversations and Idiomatic Phrases' in addition to the copious rules and examples of the previous book. Prof. Whitney's method is admirably clear and well presented, and he shows in 'Practical French' that true mastery of the working side of his subject which we have learned to expect from him. Each lesson is accompanied by full exercises; there is an index of Irregular Verbs, simple and compound; a chapter on Infinitive Constructions; vocabularies English-French and French-English (with valuable etymologies, after the manner of the vocabulary to the author's 'German Reader'), and a good general index. The section on 'Familiar Conversations' is a concession to the 'natural method,' and renders the book useful to 'new-fashioned' teachers as well as to 'old.' The Modern Language Association, as an association, seems to favor the older method—*i.e.*, the exact and methodical study of rules, the writing of exercises, and a careful study of the best methods of translation.

IN THE GENERAL influx of new and improved modern language grammars, it is difficult to choose one 'newer' or better than another. Among the best for the study of German are Prof. Joynes's edition of Meissner, and graded 'German Lessons'—a revised edition of Eysenbach's German Grammar edited and largely re-written by W. C. Collar, Head-Master of Roxbury Latin School (Ginn & Co.). In a somewhat extended Introduction, Prof. Collar explains his method of procedure and, at some length, his treatment of Eysenbach. The book is a very complete presentation of German usage and construction, and, in its revised and amended form, is a direct outgrowth of methods used by the reviser himself in the school-room. His recommendation to younger students to commit a number of short poems to memory is very good, and is a method only too much neglected nowadays. The grammar closes with German-English and English-German vocabularies and numerous appendices packed with necessary information.—THE 'DEUTSCHE GRAMMATIK' of Misses Wenckebach and Schrakamp (H. Holt & Co.) is a grammar all in German, intended for Americans to acquire that tongue. It is an excellent book of its kind, and adheres to the conversational and 'natural' method. It makes no concession to folk hankering after the so-called 'Lateinische schrift,' but is printed all through in the traditional 'Gothic' character.

'THE RAISON D'ETRE of the Public High School' is a reprint in pamphlet form of a paper by Prof. George Stuart of the Central High School of Philadelphia. The author wishes to disabuse people of the idea that the High School is an unnecessary, though beneficent, institution, paid for by the government in order to encourage a favored few, worthy of better advantages than can be

given in the grammar schools alone. He claims that government does, and should do, nothing from a sense of kindness, but everything with a view to self-interest and self-preservation; and that the wise influence of higher education is something essential to government for its own sake, and not merely an advantage graciously expended to a select few.—'NUMBER STORIES,' by L. J. Woodward (Ginn & Co.), is a rather ingenuous little book for teaching such arithmetic as does not require numbers above one hundred, to children not over eleven years of age. The little tale that is told in each chapter hardly rises to the dignity of a story, but it has the merit of putting numerical questions in a way to disguise the absolute baldness of pure figures alone.—'IDA WAUGH'S Alphabet Book,' with verses by Amy E. Blanchard (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a very taking book for the little ones, who will not realize quite how nice it is, but who will enjoy it, even if they cannot fully appreciate it. The initial lettering is one of its prettiest features; the little devices for making a cunning picture into a capital letter being particularly dainty.—REV. J. G. WOOD has prepared, with illustrations, a 'Fourth Reader' for the Boston School Series of the Boston School Supply Co., based entirely upon Natural History. No animals are introduced but those that are familiar to children, though the subjects are treated in a way to make more elaborate scientific classification come easily to the young pupil later on.

STUDENTS of the Napoleonic era will find the histories of the period usefully supplemented by Mr. John Ashton's 'The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It undertakes to depict the daily life of the people, taking the materials chiefly from the newspapers, and reproducing a great number of caricatures and popular illustrations. About half of the book is chronological, giving a sketchy chronicle of the events of the successive years down to 1810, containing letters, proclamations, anecdotes, and an abundance of such valuable statistics as the prices of commodities, of consols, etc. The remaining chapters (of which there are fifty-three in all) contain sketches of manners and customs. It would be very well if we could have such pictures of life for all periods of history, serving as collateral to historical literature, and being at once more agreeable and more serviceable than the rather dreary chapters upon manners and customs which some modern historians think it necessary to insert.—'NEUE ANEKDOTEN' (Modern Languages Publishing Co.) is a compilation of short anecdotes, not entirely 'neu' and not remarkably brilliant, but useful perhaps for the purpose proposed—the use of the pamphlet in schools to facilitate translation for beginners, instead of deluging a discouraged student immediately with classic literature.—'YOUNG FOLKS' Nature Studies,' by Virginia C. Phoebeus (Phillips & Hunt), is divided into three parts: Part I. dealing with the habits of ants; Part II. with the 'history of a lump of coal'; and Part III. with fossils. The style is that of amiable conversation directed into educational channels. It is illustrated, but not very fully.

A GENERALLY sensible addition, from an English source, is made to the list of books like 'The Orthoepist,' 'The Verbalist,' 'Don't,' etc., in Mr. J. H. Long's 'Slips of Tongue and Pen.' (D. Appleton & Co.) Nineteen-twentieths of his hints are helpful, but the remainder, as usual, enter into a hopeless conflict with good use, present and national, which is invincible, whatever the didactic theorists may say. We have space but for a single illustration: a thousand books could not make Americans say 'iced-cream,' which the author recommends on page 82. Iced-cream, by our analogies, would be cream with ice in it, and therefore about as proper an expression for the edible as 'cold cream' would be.—THE AIM OF Josepha Schrakamp's 'Erzählungen aus der Deutschen Geschichte, für Schule und Haus' (Henry Holt & Co.) is somewhat more commendable than the execution. The work is neither better, nor much worse, than many of its class. Historical compilations are seldom successful, the selections being made for effect rather than instruction, and the variety of authorship precluding consistency of treatment and judgment. Again, this book, though of American editorship, seems more suitable for German boys and girls than for American. It would have been a simple task to adapt some one of the numerous excellent popular histories of Germany recently published in the Fatherland, and the result would have been more satisfactory. The present volume evinces that national vanity which the great successes of Germany in the field, especially in the Franco-Prussian war, have developed to such enormous and offensive proportions. It somewhat offends Americans, also—however kindly we all feel toward Germany,—by a peculiar attitude of adoration toward the rulers and masters of the nation, which so many recent German writers seem to glory in assuming. For both of these reasons it seems to us hardly fit for use in our impartial class-rooms.

"The Melting Mood as a Literary Force"

WE REPRINT from this month's *Harper's* Mr. W. D. Howells's bantering comment on the recent 'symposium' in these columns on 'The Writing of Novels.' The question at issue was whether or no a novelist must, in order to move his readers, himself be moved by the fate and adventures of his characters. Mr. Howells evidently has little faith in 'the melting mood as a literary force.'

We are very far from believing [he says] that such a poet as Mr. Lowell was here [in 'Heartsease and Rue'] moved by his own pathos or wit in the degree that a number of well-known novelists would persuade us in a late number of *THE CRITIC* to believe authors moved by their work. These ladies and gentlemen, marshalled under the blended banners of Horace and Mr. Walter Besant, are free to proclaim that they have suffered to tears and exulted to laughter in the work of wringing their reader's heartstrings and tickling his risibles. They accept Mr. Besant's declaration that 'it is a sign that one possesses imagination if one can laugh and cry over the fortunes of one's own puppets,' as a right version of Horace's 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi,' though it is really not so; and they allege in proof and justification of their own the anguish and hilarity of Dickens, of Thackeray, of George Eliot, in like moments. Not all of our fictionists, however, are of this emotional make. Some of them, like Mr. Boyesen, make a mock of the question as not serious; Dr. Eggleston does not believe any author worthy of note ever cried over his work when quite sober, and thinks that if an author loses control of himself, he loses control of his subject; Mr. Robert Grant holds that the tearful and hilarious sort ought logically to die with a broken-hearted heroine or contract *delirium tremens* with a leading villain; Mr. Lathrop does not think it necessary for an author to be hysterical in order to be moved himself or to move others; Mr. Bishop 'never knew but one author who wept and howled over his characters; he was not of the first magnitude, . . . and these characters were of but the faintest doll-paper pattern.'

Here seems to lie the whole trouble. Saving Mr. Besant's respect, it is no 'sign that one possesses imagination' because he or she sobs or chuckles over his or her 'puppets'; it is merely a sign that he or she possesses great sensibility, or is in a nervous condition, and ought to take a rest, or horseback exercise, or something. We do not go so far as to impeach his or her good sense. We once met a novelist who could only gauge the tears he shed over his characters by handkerchief-fulls; yet he was a most estimable and charming person, an able business man, a good husband and father, an upright citizen, a loyal friend, and everything that one would wish to be on one's tombstone.

We do not attempt to settle this interesting question, and we suppose it can be decided only by a fair count, after the returns are in. Not all of our novelists have been heard from yet; and there are several back counties from which no poll has been reported, while others are coming in very slowly by townships and precincts.

Autographs at the Grolier Club

AN INTERESTING collection of literary autographs of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries was on exhibition last week at the Grolier Club rooms. From Addison to Amélie Rives is a long step, whether of time, style, matter or method. The older manuscript, dated 1713, is written in a small, upright hand, like print. Miss Rives's firm, legible chirography, is like that of a well-bred Englishman. It so closely resembles that of Charles Kingsley in a manuscript which lies near, as to be easily mistaken for it. Her manuscript is a poem—'Love's Seasons.' Mrs. Oliphant's 'The Queen and the Duchess' shows a graceful hand. The large folio book containing Gen. Lew Wallace's 'The Fair God' is written in a small, regular hand, with the lines close together. Landor has a bold and characteristic signature, the largest in the collection. Among the smallest handwritings are those of C. D. Warner, Julian Hawthorne, G. A. Sala (as neat and regular as print), Austin Dobson, who writes like a lawyer's clerk accustomed to engrossing; James W. Riley; and Ruffini, the novelist, whose letters have the symmetrical Italian slant. Mr. Aldrich writes in a back-handed fashion; Mr. Howells and Mr. Stedman have graceful, rather feminine, handwritings, sufficiently legible. R. W. Gilder's handwriting, in the specimen shown, is graceful but scrawly, and Charles Lamb's scrawly without being graceful.

One of the most valuable of the MSS. is the supposed original of Franklin's Autobiography, in a large book. Lincoln's 'last, shortest and best speech' is his own account of his interview with two ladies who asked a release for a relative on the ground

that he was a religious man. It is written in pencil, and framed. The writing has a loose, disjointed look, and is barely legible. Dr. Holmes is represented by part of the MS. of the 'One-Horse Shay.' There are several important Washington Irving's, including the MSS. of 'Bracebridge Hall' and the 'History of New York.' Gladstone's essay, 'Some Remarks on Col. Ingersoll's Reply,' one of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne (a legible, compact hand); and a number of D. G. Rossetti's sonnets (scrawly and complex in the chirography), are interesting mementoes. A copy by Gen. Grant of the original draft of one of his inaugural speeches, and Walt Whitman's 'Captain, my Captain!' are among the most valuable of the American treasures. The exhibition is rich in Thackerayana, including a number of engravings with marginal comments by the author, and a letter from Stuart Hobhouse asking for an autograph for a 'female relation,' with Thackeray's reply written between the lines in a very small but perfectly legible hand. Mr. Lowell's distinguished and gentlemanly handwriting is in strong contrast with Carlyle's cantankerous, illegible scrawl, and Matthew Arnold's irregular hand in his essay on Milton. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett both show loose, rather illiterate, handwritings in the MSS. which lie near one of William Black's translations of Heine's 'Lieder,' written in a small, nervous, concentrated hand, that shows the trained writer. A blotted page from 'Oliver Twist' and the manuscript of Leigh Hunt's 'Abou Ben Adhem' are two more of the numerous interesting manuscripts. The exhibition contains, moreover, examples of the MSS. of Victor Hugo, D. G. Mitchell, H. H. Boyesen, G. W. Cable, Emma Lazarus, Bret Harte, Charles Sumner, Hans Andersen, J. G. Whittier, Rousseau, Burns, Dumas, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.'). The musical manuscripts include examples of Beethoven, Schubert and Lecocq.

Two Letters of Tom Moore's

LAST MONDAY (May 28) was Moore's birthday—his 100th. In commemoration of the fact, a lady in Philadelphia has copied out for THE CRITIC two of his letters, written when he was in this country eighty-four years ago. 'The poet of every circle and darling of his own' held a government appointment in Bermuda in 1804, but found America a more attractive place of residence. Moore was then twenty-five. In the volume of 'Odes and Epistles' relating to America, an epistle addressed to the Hon. W. R. Spencer celebrates his sojourn in Philadelphia in a passage beginning,

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with and 'twas pain to leave.

A foot-note says:—'In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound politics which he feels so zealously himself.' Joseph Dennie was the editor of a literary magazine called *The Portfolio*. He enjoyed a reputation as a writer which has not survived to the present day. 'The Hopkinson's' referred to in the following letters were the family of the Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, author of 'Hail Columbia.' The letters are now in the possession of Judge Hopkinson's son, Mr. Oliver Hopkinson, of Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, Monday, July 2d, 1804.

MY DEAR DENNY:

I have scarcely found a moment's leisure since I left my friends in Philadelphia to tell how warmly I remember them, and how much I regret the very hopeless farewell I have taken, but I trust they will do me the justice to believe that they live in my recollection, and that even the wide waters of the Atlantic shall be no Lethe to the liveliness of my gratitude.

The Falls of the Passaic delighted me extremely, and I feel quite indebted to Mr. Meredith for having urged me to visit them. Niagara (which I have resumed my resolution to see) must be almost too tremendous to produce sensations of pleasure. I know not whether it is that I feel the magnificence of nature to an excess almost painful, or that I have some kind of *kindred* affection for her miniature productions; but certainly I rather dread such grandeur as those of Niagara, and turn with more pleasure to the 'Minora Sidera' of creation. You remember Akenside—'But Waller longs, all on the margin, etc., etc.'

I have mentioned you, *comme il faut*, in a letter to Mrs. Merry,

which (as you will have a formal presentation from Thornton) is, I think, the most certain way of making you 'sui gregis' at once.

To-morrow, I think of setting out for Albany, and shall be obliged, I suppose, to give up all expectation of hearing from you till I reach Halifax, where you must direct for me 'to the care of Sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B., etc., etc. I shall have but time now to transcribe you a little poem which I wrote on my way from Philadelphia, and which I beg you will give to Mrs. Hopkinson, with my best regards at the same time to her and her very admirable husband. I am looking anxiously for Ewing. Yours, my dear Dennie,

Very Sincerely, THOMAS MOORE.

'The little poem' for Mrs. Hopkinson was the one beginning,

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye.

It is sometimes called 'Lines on the Schuylkill.' In Porter & Coates's edition of Moore's Poetical Works, it is described as 'Lines Written on Leaving Philadelphia.' The second letter followed the first after an interval of nearly three months.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, Sept. 29th, 1804.

MY DEAR DENNY:

I am very much afraid that you have never received either my letter from New York or that from Niagara. In the former I sent you my Schuylkill verses, which I have not seen in any *Port-Folio* that has reached me, and in the latter I scribbled for you the outline of a Spirit's Song or Hymn which I had just begun and wanted your opinion of. I regret extremely that my long detention at Niagara interfered with the visit I intended to your friends at Boston. If any little airy intelligence could have informed me on my way, that Captain Douglas would not sail so soon as he originally intended, I might have devoted that time to the 'animo candidiores' of Boston, which I have now wasted upon the barren rocks of Halifax. I have seen, however, the chief beauties of upper and lower Canada, and they have left impressions upon my heart and fancy which my memory long shall love to recur to. If the soil be not very ungrateful, the new thoughts it is scattered with, will spring up, I hope, into something for your hand to embellish by *transplanting*. Indeed, my dearest Dennie, I cannot speak half my acknowledgments to you for the very cordial interest you feel in my reputation, and for the truly beautiful *frames* of eloquence in which you take care to set all my little miniatures. Nothing can be more flattering than what you have said of me since I left you, and I only wish that I was *deserving* of such eulogies. I am quite distressed to find that, with my own books, they have sent me on your *Political Register* and *Huddesford's Miscellany*. I hope it has been no derangement to you, and I return them with this letter. I enclose you, too, a couple of the poems which my lines to the Invisible Girl gave rise to. I wish I had that which produced the visible Lady's reply, but its purport may be gathered from the answer, and it was by no means so good or animated. The printed copy I send is the only one I have. The French poem is written by a son of Lord Trimbleton's, and is a tolerable imitation of the style of Bernard de Bernis. The latter part of it alludes to a conversation I had with him the day before upon the Platonic philosophy. I hope to sail in about a week hence, and you shall hear from me immediately on my arrival in London. Till then I must remain in your debt for my following year, etc., etc. God bless you, my dear fellow. If you die before me, I shall borrow the epitaph of Martial upon Rufus for you:

Pectore tu memori nostros evolvere lusus,
Tu solitus nostros, Rufe, tenere jocos
Accipe cum fletu moesti breve carmen amici, etc., etc.

My best and warmest remembrances to our friends, the Hopkinsons and Meridiths. To Jaques give a *brother-poet's* love, with all the warmth of the craft and without one grain of the fiction of it. I have read his tribute to Hamilton. It is

as sweet a stream of eloquence
As Athens knew.

Yours, again and again, most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

Since I have copied out the French poem for you, I begin to think it is not so good, and I am *sure* it is not so short as I thought it at *first*. My hand is tired with transcribing it. Do not say I sent you these poems: they are too full of flattery, tho' few people hate me more cordially than the person who wrote the English one.

THIRTY years is the age of the oldest paper in the forthcoming volume of political essays by Mr. Lowell. The freshest is 'The Independent in Politics,' recently read in this city.

Emerson's Style

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Certain men, themselves writing-masters in the highest sense, such as Henry James, the late Matthew Arnold and David A. Watson, have criticised Mr. Emerson as having so failed of achieving a style for himself as to threaten the permanence of his literary work. But style is of many kinds, and Emerson has one of his own, lawful, memorable and characteristic. There is a style of reasoned truth like that of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and of authors not a few beside. There is, too—and quite legitimate—the oracular style, the style of intuition and ejaculation. Has Solomon no style in the Proverbs, and David none in the Psalms, because neither of them has any logical continuity on the page? Is Paul,—that 'double and twisted old Calvinist' as a friend of mine affronted Mr. Lyman Beecher with calling him,—to be rather credited with a style through the labyrinth of his epistles, in which it is sometimes so hard to find the clew? In prose and in poetry there may be too much of what is called *style*, like a rocking-horse that does not get on, or a stream flowing so smooth it lulls us to sleep. Emerson's expression answers to the *stylus* once used to cut the thought into letters, not on a paper-surface but sunk into substantial and enduring form. If the style be the man, the man in this case was in his style, which will not shorten but perpetuate by so sharply marking what he had to say.

MANCHESTER, MASS., May 22, 1888.

C. A. BARTOL.

"Shall Literature be Taught?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A contributor to THE CRITIC of May 5, in an article entitled 'Shall Literature be Taught?' permits himself to make misstatements about American colleges, and particularly about Johns Hopkins, Harvard and Yale Universities, from which he might have been saved by the merest glance at the catalogues of the institutions that he assumes to criticise. The gist of his charge is that 'the study of English literature has been steadily subordinated to the study of philology'; that the "English" departments, so-called, in our universities are nothing but 'philological kites, dragging the slender tail of literature'—a metaphor which commends itself so highly to his fancy that he uses it three times in the course of his article.

This is so far from being the truth that, at Yale College at least, there is hardly any instruction given in English philology, and the crying need of the English department is for more and better opportunities for a scientific study of the language. In Yale College proper—excluding the Sheffield Scientific School,—there have been some 350 students under instruction in English during the present year. Of this number, only twenty-four have pursued courses in English philology. Eighteen of these have taken an elective of one hour a week in the history of the language and in etymology; four—including two graduate students—an elective of two hours a week in Anglo-Saxon. All the rest of the 350 have been engaged in the reading and study of English authors from Chaucer to Browning; and the instruction given them, whatever may be its shortcomings, has been literary, and in no sense philological.

Your contributor laments, in particular, 'a deplorable propensity to translate "Beowulf";' and in a glowing picture of the ideal English department—a new class of teachers—large minds, large souls, etc.,—he exclaims: 'Pedantry would go to the wall. "Hamlet" would come before Beowulf; Ulfila would wait on Tennyson.' Exactly four students at Yale College have read this year a portion of 'Beowulf,' while a hundred, in round numbers, have read Tennyson. He has been examined on Tennyson and been lectured to about Tennyson. The play of 'Hamlet' is read here every year in the Shakespeare course. As to poor Ulfila, I am not aware that he has had a single reader at Yale during the past year, or indeed for several years.

It is not true, as your contributor asserts, that the colleges which he names—or, indeed, that any American colleges—have followed closely the lead of the English universities, in their English teaching. It is not true that, when a revolution comes in the teaching of English, 'there will be a great revival of American literature.' There will be no such revival from any such cause. But in fact hardly anything that your correspondent asserts is true.

There are a few things—besides "Beowulf"—which English instructors, or at least rhetorical instructors, in our colleges commonly try to teach their students. One of these is to be sure of their facts; another is to avoid that style of English composition which, for some reason, is called sophomorical, but which is sometimes found even in the leading articles of weekly journals.

NEW HAVEN, May 22, 1888.

HENRY A. BEERS.

The Critic

The Lamp of Hellas

I.

THE sea is ours, and all its sunny isles,
The sky and all its multitude of stars;—
How glows the world at daybreak, when the bars
Of night withdraw and flood the heaven with smiles!
How sleep the groves! The hills in hazy piles
Doze on the horizon. Chariots and cars
Wrought out of cloud halt o'er them. Nothing mars
The harmony that all involves, beguiles.
There gleam our marble cities (domes and towers
Flushed with Apollo's smile, divinest god!),
Where bide our altars and our images.
All these, with godlike leisure, now are ours,
Free sense and heart to worship, and the rod
Of perfect law to guard our liberties.

II.

How bright in air the peaks Olympian shine,
Girt with their golden chain of deities,
Of whom are they who rule the swarming seas,
And load the warm earth's breast with fruit and wine;
Who lay the quarry's strength, and store the mine
With gold and potent jewels; who the keys
Of science hold, and speak their mysteries
Through tongues of men, and genial arts divine.
Aloft, like islands hung in purple air,
Their bright homes lie and float, filling our eyes
With mist of happy tears divinely shed;
Filling our thoughts with dreams and visions fair,
Our hearts and homes with songs and joyous cries,
Our temples with a solemn light and dread.

O. C. AURINGER.

A Native on the California Missions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In spite of some distinguished opinions to the contrary, among them that of Mr. Edwards Roberts, which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, will you allow a word of protest in regard to the missions of California? To one who has been born and brought up among them, the sentiment and the rapture which they appear to provoke in strangers is always a little amusing. There is always the base suspicion that the raptures are due to a new object to gush over, not to any rapture-provoking quality in the object itself. Looked at with the cold eye of one indifferent to material, it is doubtful if there is any structure on earth colder, barer, uglier, dirtier, less picturesque, less romantic than a Californian mission; so cheap are they, so tawdry, so indescribably common, so suggestive of mules harbored within, and chattering, unshorn priests, and dirty Mexicans, with their unspeakable young. There is none of the mellowness, nor any of the beautiful stains of age on their glaring adobe walls; nothing but whitewash, blistered, or peeling off in patches, which makes them look as if afflicted with a species of architectural leprosy. In spite of their hundred years, there is something hopelessly modern about them, something which fatally suggests a country, the ancestors of whose population have barely passed away.

Mrs. Jackson had a very strong sermon to preach; but she knew that sermons, to be read, must be dressed in seductive garb. Therefore she painted up the old missions with the brush of her imagination. The result was a splendid picture; but it was 'H. H.' not California. The sentiment she wove into her Western legend was the gift of her own nature; she found not a grain of it in the material she used. There is no sentiment in California; the place is too young, too crude. It would be like expecting poetry of an untutored urchin of thirteen. But 'H. H.' has raised the war-cry; and every man or woman with literary proclivities who visits the Pacific Coast, applies a match to his imagination the moment he comes in sight of the missions. I may also add that of all the pictures of the missions I have yet seen, I have never seen one which I have recognized. And I have shuddered under the ugly shadows of a good many of the mission buildings.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1888.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD'S 'Woman in the Pulpit,' just issued by D. Lothrop Co., is especially timely in view of the recent discussion in regard to admitting women into church conferences.

International Copyright

The Popular Science Monthly, which has long been a consistent advocate of copyright reform, says in its current number:

It is no wonder, therefore, that Congress should have put the matter off from year to year; the only wonder, indeed, is that those who believed in the principle should have had the courage to go on and should now by dint of patient persistence be in a position to present to Congress a stronger case than ever—one that can only be put aside through the most extreme and culpable indifference to an issue which affects, not the balance of parties, but the higher life of the whole people. As the matter stands now, there is substantially but one opinion among publishers and authors in regard to the copyright question. The consideration of justice to foreign authors remains, of course, as before, neither stronger nor weaker; but careful reflection has led the great majority of those interested in the publishing trade to see that, in this case, justice to the foreigner means advantage to themselves. The stimulus that would be given to domestic literary production by the granting of copyright to American editions of foreign works would admittedly be very great; and, as the author can do nothing without the printer and publisher, these would share the benefit with him.

Fraudulent "Leaves of Grass"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I must ask, through your columns, to warn the reading public against purchasing surreptitious and fraudulent copies of the 1860 edition of Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' All copies of this edition (or nearly all) put upon the market for the last quarter of a century have been stolen impressions from the original plates; Mr. Whitman has not received a cent of copyright on them. I was some weeks ago put in possession of the facts in the case by a letter from Mr. Charles W. Eldridge, one of the original publishers of the 1860 edition, and now residing in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Eldridge states that he finds spurious copies for sale in towns in California, and thinks they are being worked off in large lots; and that they virtually supply the existing demand for Whitman's poems. I saw to-day in one of the largest bookstores in Boston a copy of the 1860 edition (in its familiar binding), temptingly displayed in the window; and learned, on inquiry inside, that they had bought quite a lot of them 'cheap' at a trade-sale at Leavitt's in New York. I myself innocently bought, nine years ago, a copy in a Boston store, and find now, by the help of Mr. Eldridge's letter, that it is one of the unauthorized, stolen copies. These can be detected in the following way:—The stereotype plates, steel-engraved portrait, and dies for cover are the same as those used in the Thayer & Eldridge edition; but on the back of the title-page, immediately under the certificate of copyright, in the genuine edition, appear the words 'Electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry. Printed by George C. Rand and Avery.' In the fraudulent edition, these words are lacking.

I hope that this note may be the means of inducing some rich friend of Whitman's to put a lawyer on the case, and bring the New Yorkers who are issuing these spurious books to justice. It should be known that the only honest edition of 'Leaves of Grass' now to be had is that published by David McKay, of Philadelphia—although I believe Mr. Whitman still has a few sets left of the two-volume \$10 edition.

BELMONT, MASS., May 26, 1888.

W. S. KENNEDY.

The Lounger

I CONGRATULATE the Methodist convention on having elected John H. Vincent to a Bishopric. Bishop Vincent is one of the good old stock of Methodists. He is of the stuff I imagine the circuit-riders to have been made of. It takes no great flight of fancy to picture him riding about from parish to parish with his Bible and hymn-book in his saddle-bags. He is a worker and a man of large sympathies, and he knows more people and is known to more people than probably any other man in the denomination. With his immense Chautauqua connections, he has an army of friends, all of whom will rejoice at his promotion. Dr. Vincent has a thoroughly practical knowledge of church-work, and as he is constantly travelling from one end of the country to the other, he has also an intimate knowledge of individual churches. I don't suppose he ever spends two months at home. So accustomed has he become to life on a railway-train, that he takes his secretary around with him and dictates letters and articles as he flies from city to city. If I am not mistaken, the secretary carries his type-writing machine with him; and whenever there is a day's rest, writes out his notes and posts his letters wherever he happens to

be. This is the reason why the new Bishop's envelopes bear such a variety of postmarks. Now, I suppose, he will not have so much travelling to do, for it was his Sunday-school and Chautauqua Reading Circle work that kept Dr. Vincent on the wing.

THOSE who regard Miss Edith M. Thomas as 'H. H.'s' successor in the leadership of the worthy band of American female poets, will be amused by an illustration in her case of the proverb about prophets and their fellow-countrymen. It was before she became as well-known as she is to-day, but after she had won an introduction to the leading magazines of the country, that an Ohio editor who was in the habit of weighing his words by a more accurate scale than newspaper men are usually supposed to employ, wrote to ask her to contribute occasionally to his journal. 'I do not pay for poetry,' he said in effect; 'but so long as you remain a contributor, a copy of the —— will be sent to you every week. This is a return I am not in the habit of making for the poetry I print, but I make an exception in your case because I consider you the best amateur poet of Northern Ohio.' Miss Thomas felt that she had not sought the Muses in vain! It was in vain, however, that the editor who thus egregiously flattered her, sought to enlist her services as an amateur contributor.

'CURFEW Must Not Ring To-Night' is of that class of popular poems whose authorship is usually ascribed to a dozen different claimants, eleven of whom, knowing their claims to be baseless, are more zealous than the true author in attempting to establish them. In this case, however, there seems to be no such doubt—for the reason, presumably, that when the poem first appeared, eighteen years ago, in the columns of the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser*, the writer's name was attached to it. 'It sprang instantly into fame,' says Mrs. M. L. Rayne, writing recently in a Detroit newspaper. It was quoted and copied everywhere. A few years ago the author received from the Osgoods 'fifty copies in illustrated form, and these she permitted her friends to purchase.' I am sorry to hear that 'this was her only return from her much-praised and oft-quoted poem.' If Rosa Hartwick Thorpe were one of those writers who delight in being widely known and admired, this would not be so lamentable; but unfortunately she 'cares little for fame.'

MRS. RAYNE passed a day or two in Grand Rapids, Mich., a few years ago; and having to choose between going to the theatre or spending part of an evening with Mrs. Thorpe, she let the theatre go.

I felt that I must see the author of that splendid poem whose heroic verse had thrilled and delighted me so many times. At the same time I was filled with misgivings as to my right to intrude on the domestic life of one who had so resolutely kept herself apart from the world. Fortunately my companion had met Mr. Thorpe, and they had a bond of mutual sympathy between them—the asthma. Mrs. Thorpe had also sent the writer copy of 'Curfew,' with an autograph verse on the fly leaf. With these credentials to sustain us, we found ourselves at 8 o'clock in the evening, knocking at the door of a neat frame house on — street, I wondering much at my own temerity.

'Mr. Thorpe, a pleasant mannered, delicate looking man,' opened the door; and his wife, 'tall and very slender, with the large, dreamy, melancholy eyes of the poetic nature,' brought a light. 'As she greeted us and seconded her husband's cordial welcome, it was with such complete and childlike unconsciousness of her own merits, that I entirely forgot her splendid achievement in admiration of her as a womanly woman.' In the article before me, a portrait of the poet is introduced at this juncture, which fully sustains the writer's testimony to the size and expression of her eyes. It surmounts a fac-simile of her signature: 'Sincerely yours, Mrs. R. H. Thorpe.'

SO ABSORBED was Mrs. Rayne in the contemplation of her heroine, 'that we did not for some little time drift into literary dalliance.' In the meanwhile her companion and Mr. Thorpe were examining 'an inhaler warranted to cure asthma or lung trouble of any sort.'

Mrs. Thorpe soon brought in the hot water, while my heart, if not my lips, kept repeating her own words, 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.' I felt bewildered by the homeliness of it all, yet I was sure I had not expected the feudal castle and *couverte de feu* of Cromwell's day. But I could not quite forgive Mr. Thorpe for talking so familiarly to his own wife. While the two victims of asthma were inhaling, I managed to secure a few moments with Mrs. Thorpe. . . . She told me without *empressement*, and as if it were of less importance than anything she had ever done, how she first read the pretty story in an old *Peterson's Magazine* of 1865. The graceful, heroic story, suggestive of love's deepest emotion, took such hold upon the simple imagination of the young village girl, that it was with her by day and by night. One day in school she wrote her first draft of the poem on a slate, and afterward copied it with care and secrecy at home.

IT WOULD BE pleasant to think that Mrs. Thorpe's home in —— Street, 'mainly built by her pen' and so gracefully enshrined in literature by Mrs. Rayne's, were still the scene of 'literary dalliance' between the poet and her admirers; unhappily, however, it was but a few months after the scene we have been introduced to, 'when she was compelled to leave it, and go with her loved ones to California; she is at present in San Diego'—which looks as if the sure cure for asthma or lung trouble of any sort had not proved efficacious in at least one case. Mrs. Rayne justly observes of Mrs. Thorpe that, 'in comparison to her first inspirational poem, all her other work must seem tame.' Yet she has written in the album of a little girl who 'made her an object of silent adoration,' a string of verses notable not only for such a rhyme as 'home' with 'come,' but such a sentiment as:

'Would be the saddest wish, I think,
That I could wish for you,
Never to know a sorrow here,
Or find a friend untrue.'

The italics are mine; the sentiment is not.

A 'SPECIAL' from Louisville to the *World* says that 'the strongest claim the late George Shakespeare [who died at New Albany last week] had to kinship with the poet was the resemblance he bore to the bard.' He was a native of Henley, and was sixty-two years old. He began life as a footman, but afterwards became a glass-maker, and followed his craft both in England and America, whither he emigrated thirteen years ago. He leaves four children, who are said to look very much like their father and 'the bard.' The documentary evidence of their descent from the 'swan of Avon' is flimsy. Kentucky should be satisfied with having kinsmen of Keats within her borders, and not claim Shakespeare's descendants, too. One gentleman of that illustrious name is Mayor of New Orleans, and another—whose parents didn't know better than to name him William—is a popular London singer.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THERE is a general outcry in art circles against the action of the Democratic caucus last Monday night, in striking works of art off the free list as it stood in the Mills tariff bill. The news was received by artists and everyone interested in art with the profoundest concern and indignation, says the *World*; and it backs up the statement with many interviews. So far as THE CRITIC has ever been able to discover, the only opponent in this country to the free importation of foreign works of art is Thomas Donaldson of Philadelphia. We have even heard it said that Mr. Donaldson threatens to have the present thirty per-cent. tariff raised to fifty per-cent., if the advocates of free art refuse to let the matter rest.

The commencement of the Cooper Institute Art School took place last week. In the female department, the first prize for a drawing from life (\$30 in gold) was taken by Agnes Blackwell. The exhibit of the normal drawing-class was very good. The designs made by pupils at the Cooper Institute have a market value, and prove that designing is one of the best professions open to women. The engraving class, under John P. Davis, made a good showing.

The statue of Garibaldi by Giovanni Turini, an Italian sculptor in New York, will be placed in Washington Square on Monday next, June 4.

The annual exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute is now open.

Mr. Edward Greey has published in the form of a handsome pamphlet 'A History of Japanese Bronze,' written by himself and fully illustrated with reproductions of some of the superb specimens in his own gallery. The author gives an account of the prehistoric, the ancient, and the modern bronzes. The drawings by Thomson Willing are well composed.

The Art Age for May has an interesting article on 'Life in a Roman Palace,' by Ernest Rollin Tilton, which describes the well-known Palazzo Barberini at Rome. The Literary Gossip is decidedly critical; it spares neither Mr. Howells, Mr. Stevenson nor Miss Rives.

The Art Amateur for June has a large study of roses by Victor Dangon for its colored supplement. The fan decoration, chrysanthemums, is very pretty. The Salon is described by Theodore Child; there is a good article on 'Recent American Landscape,' the New York and Boston spring exhibitions are criticised; and numerous valuable technical papers are given. The number abounds in valuable designs, and fully sustains the reputation of the magazine as the most useful of the practical art-periodicals.

The May *Portfolio* has for its frontispiece a fair etching by G. W. Rhead of a picture by Hendrik Martensz Sorgh, accompanying

a paper by F. G. Stephens on this Dutch painter of the Seventeenth Century. Reginald T. Bromfield writes in an interesting way of 'Some Architects of the English Renaissance,' and illustrates his remarks with graceful pen-and-ink drawings. A full-page mezzotint by F. Short after Cotman is fine in tone. Cosmo Monkhouse continues his essay on the 'Early English Water-Color Painters,' and Sidney L. Lee has a paper on Charlecote House, the home of the Lucy's, accompanied by drawings and a full-page etching of 'Charlecote House from the Terrace,' all by Herbert Railton.

The June *Magazine of Art* has a reply by George Clausen to the paper by M. Ernest Chesneau, 'The English School in Peril,' in which he speaks of the tendency on the part of English artists to study abroad as being beneficial to their art. An interesting account of the rise of the great London art-dealing house, 'Christie's,' by M. H. Spielmann, is accompanied by some good illustrations. A full-page engraving of Watts's dignified portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton is by Klinkicht. Peter Macnab writes of 'Peter Pindar' (Dr. John Wolcott) as a severe art-critic of a hundred years ago. The American Art Notes form a valuable chronicle of the art-events of the country during the month of April.

The Magazines

Thomas Curtis Clark's illustrated article on 'The Building of a Railway' opens *Scribner's* for June. Henry James begins a four-part story, 'A London Life,' treating, with characteristic cleverness, an ugly theme. G. Stanley Hall relates 'The Story of a Sand-Pile,' an account, full of interest, of the unconsciously educating play of a group of bright boys, founders of a Lilliputian settlement with wooden inhabitants and cattle, with buildings, government, tools and money, all complete. A. B. Ward contributes a cheerfully written paper on 'Hospital Life,' which is well illustrated. In 'First Harvests' we enjoy a coaching party, if anything can be enjoyed in company on the whole as disheartening as that of Mr. Stimson's people. Augustine Birrell writes of Cardinal Newman—is it with some audacity of patronage, or are we super-sensitive?—and two portraits of the Cardinal are given. George H. Jessop has a romantic short story, 'Lalor Abbo Singh.' Mr. Stevenson considers 'Some Gentlemen in Fiction,' according the title to Hamlet, save for that 'staggering scene' with his mother, wherein Shakespeare failed. The failure would be more generally recognized if the queen were not commonly presented on the stage as a 'college bed-maker in masquerade.' It is noted that Fielding, himself a gentleman, was less successful than Richardson in depicting the character. The three successes of Dickens are Sydney Carton, Twemlow, and Eugene Wrayburn. A gentleman came from Thackeray's pen by the gift of nature. Col. Newcome is 'the next thing to the work of God—human and true and noble and frail. If the art of being a gentleman were forgotten, like the art of staining glass, it might be learned anew from that one character.' The number has poems by Mrs. Dorr, L. Frank Tooker, A. Lampman, and William A. Leahy; there is a delicious, slyly humorous pastoral by Mr. Aldrich; and Siddons Mowbray furnishes a fine illustration for a sonnet by Helen Gray Cone, called 'The Torch-Race.'

The *Andover Review* for May contains an admirable paper by Rev. John Faville, 'Tolstoi on Immortality.' The extreme sensitiveness of the Slav nature—which, as Edwin Arnold has said, 'finds relief in letting the perceptions have perfectly free play, and in recording their reports with perfect fidelity,'—this peculiar susceptibility to the immediate impression, shutting out speculation, predisposes the Russian thinker to reject a truth 'which, while it may be actually demonstrated by nothing, may be implicit in everything.' Tolstoi's failure as a teacher on immortality comes mainly from two sources. The first is his conception of man, a lingering result of his former following of Schopenhauer; 'cradled and trained in individualism,' the great revulsion on 'finding Christ's way of living' has driven him to the extreme conclusion that personality and selfishness are indissolubly joined. 'The process is easy from an undue emphasis of personality to an undue emphasis of solidarity.' Tolstoi's second source of failure is his imperfect conception of Christ—a conception drawn from his express utterances only, as distinct from the significance of his life and death. Full justice is done to the noble Russian's true message and mission, to his 'consecrated study of the life that now is.' Prof. Harris writes of 'Law and Grace' as related to the positions of progressive orthodoxy; and Rev. Thomas Patrick Hughes gives an account of 'The Muslim's Bible.' Professor L. Sears concludes a sound article on 'Shakspearian Controversy' with the timely suggestion, 'Instead of running up and down to see what weeds and shells the waves have left, how would it do to let the sea-water break over one without analysis?' He bids us, however, have a large charity for the perplexed, remembering, among other things, that 'the Regius professor of Greek at Cambridge in

the year 1695 proved to his own satisfaction that King Solomon wrote the *Iliad*. Mr. Williston Walker sends some 'Notes from a German University'; and there is an editorial on 'Matthew Arnold's Last Criticism.' There are the usual book-reviews, and the conclusion of Prof. Duff's study of 'The Development of Thought in Isaiah.'

The first number of *The Cornell Magazine*, published by the students of the University, is neat in style and promising, though not brilliant, in contents. It opens with an article by President Adams, on 'Successes and Failures of College-bred Men,' in which he remarks justly that, 'in comparing college-bred men with men not college-bred, we are apt to fall into the very serious error of supposing that the difference between them is far greater than it really is. . . . A college or a university, however great in itself, is simply an opportunity and an inspiration. The moment it fails in these respects, the moment it takes the place of personal will and personal endeavor, it ceases to be an advantage, and becomes a positive hindrance. There is an important sense in which all men are self-made men.' Edwin S. Potter contributes a thoughtful paper on 'The Moral Value of Robinson Crusoe,' and H. E. Mills gives a review of Prof. Tuttle's 'History of Prussia under Frederic the Great.' A. E. Hoyt, in 'Criticism Run Mad,' takes rather a jaundiced view of that branch of literature; he seems to have read a disproportionate amount of the cheap criticism which should not be allowed to occupy the attention. H. A. Oppenheim's story is ingenious, but suggests bad models. The verse of the number, though not phenomenal, is creditable; except in the department called Pegasus in the Parlor, which may be much improved. E. E. Hale, Jr., chats pleasantly of his ramblings 'Here and There in the Library.'

The Bibliographer and Reference List will hereafter be published monthly by Moulton, Wenborne & Co., Buffalo. The May number furnishes a bibliographical list of general works, illustrative of the History of English and American Literature. The second number, to be ready on June 5, will contain a list of works on Eloquence and Oratory. No 3 will be devoted to works 'on that division of Political Economy relating to the Tariff in its aspects of Protection and Free trade.' Books are recorded alphabetically by authors' names, with particulars as to binding, price and publishers, and in most cases a brief notice of the history and scope of the work. The twelfth number of each volume is to supply additions to lists previously printed. The usefulness of this periodical to both student and librarian should insure its success.

The Quarterly Journal of Economics for April contains one article that will excite a more general interest than most economical essays do; we mean the one by Prof. F. W. Taussig on the tariff of the United States from 1830-1860. Its object is to study the effect upon the national industry of the changes in the tariff; and the author makes it very clear that the extravagant views sometimes expressed on this subject by free-traders and protectionists alike are not warranted by fact or reason. He points out that many things that have been attributed to high or low tariffs were really due to other causes, and that the national industry is too complicated a thing to enable us to say, except to a very limited extent, what changes in it are due to variations in tariff policy. In another article in the *Journal*, President Walker reiterates his well-known views on the 'Source of Business Profits,' in reply to Mr. Macvane; and there are, besides, an article on 'Ground Rents in Philadelphia,' and a variety of notes and discussions.—The contents of *The Popular Science Monthly* for June are of a very varied character, treating of geological, biological and ethnological subjects, the training of children, and economical and other themes. The opening article, by Edward Atkinson, advocates the plan of using the surplus revenue of the United States to pay off and retire the legal-tender notes. Dr. George Harley has an able article on 'The Effects of Moderate Drinking,' which will be specially interesting to persons concerned in the temperance movement. He presents some statistics of mortality, showing that the moderate but continuous use of alcohol has a marked influence in producing liver and kidney diseases, and that it also hinders the proper oxidizing of the blood. Space forbids our noticing the other articles, and we must content ourselves with advising those interested in scientific themes to read the magazine itself.

Current Criticism

A PRESBYTERIAN PRESIDENT.—Speaking of these things, and in the presence of those here assembled, the most tender thoughts crowd upon my mind—all connected with Presbyterianism and its teachings. There are present with me now memories of a kind and affectionate father consecrated to the cause, and called to his rest and his reward in the mid-day of his usefulness; a sacred recollec-

tion of the prayers and pious love of a sainted mother, and a family circle hallowed and sanctified by the spirit of Presbyterianism. I certainly cannot but express the wish and hope that the Presbyterian Church will always be at the front in every movement which promises the temporal as well as the spiritual advancement of mankind. In the turmoil and the bustle of every-day life, few men are foolish enough to ignore the practical value to our people and our country of the Church organizations established among us, and the advantage of Christian example and teaching. The field is vast, and the work sufficient to engage the efforts of every sect and denomination; but I am inclined to believe that the church which is the most tolerant and conservative, without loss of spiritual strength, will soonest find the way to the hearts and affections of the people. While we may be pardoned for insisting that our denomination is the best, we may, I think, safely concede much that is good to all other churches that seek to make men better. I am here to greet the delegates of two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church. One is called 'North' and the other 'South.' The subject is too deep and intricate for me, but I cannot help wondering why this should be. These words, so far as they denote separation and estrangement, should be obsolete. In the counsels of the nation and in the business of the country they no longer mean reproach and antagonism. Even the soldiers who fought for the North and for the South are restored to fraternity and unity. This fraternity and unity is taught and enjoined by our church. When shall she herself be united, with all the added strength and usefulness that harmony and union insure?—*Mr. Cleveland, at Overbrook, Pa.*

MICHAEL HEILPRIN AND APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA.—Of his truly herculean labors on the successive editions of the Cyclopædia, we can convey but a faint idea. So far as his direct contributions were concerned, they tended to round out the symmetry of the scheme, bringing into their proper place countries and men and incidents hidden from the Western world by unfamiliar tongues. In point of justness and authenticity, they were not outranked by any compiled by the staff of the Cyclopædia. But the greatest service which he rendered was in verifying what seemed doubtful, and in giving consistency to the whole, as if the production of one man. It is safe to say that no other similar work of collaboration published in the English language has ever had this merit in so high a degree—in which, for example, there was a uniform spelling of proper names, a uniform date for the same event, however often mentioned, a uniform system of transcribing words (especially proper names) from foreign languages not using the Roman alphabet. To be ever on the alert for errors of writers over whom he had no control, to remember what had gone before, to guard against mistakes of pure accident on his own part—to know where to turn for the latest authority, to compare and decide between the authorities, themselves always at odds with one another—to find time for all this—was a standing miracle to those who had glimpses behind the scenes.—*The Nation.*

Notes

APPLETONS' Town and Country Library, a semi-monthly series of paper-covered volumes, consisting chiefly of works of fiction, native and foreign, is begun this week, the first number to appear being 'The Steel-Hammer,' by Louis Ulbach, author of that powerful story, 'Mme. Gosselin.'

—Last Friday (May 25) was Emerson's eighty-fifth birthday, and July 15 will be the fiftieth anniversary of the delivery of his famous Divinity School Address. The two events were commemorated in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning. The building was crowded to the doors. Rev. John W. Chadwick, the pastor, described the circumstances under which the Address was first delivered, and the effect which it produced, particularly upon Theodore Parker; and then the lecture itself was read, with admirable emphasis and effect, by Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Chadwick then read an original poem. At the church door copies were sold of a new Emerson Anthology containing passages from all his printed works, compiled by the Rev. William C. Gannett of Chicago. The proceeds will be devoted to the work of the Western Unitarian Conference, and used in disseminating this Anthology and similar compilations from Channing, Parker and Martineau.

—On Thursday of last week the corner-stone of the Catholic University of America was laid at Washington. Cardinal Gibbons and many other distinguished prelates were in attendance; as were also the President of the United States, Secretaries Bayard, Vilas, Whitney and Endicott, Postmaster-General Dickinson, Colonel and Mrs. Bonaparte, and some 3000 others. Bishop Spalding of Peoria delivered the dedicatory address, which was remarkable for its

progressive and liberal tone. Bishop Keane, Rector of the University, read a letter from the Cardinal to Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who was seated on the platform, expressing the gratitude of the church for her magnificent gift, which, he said, entitled her to be considered the 'foundress of our Catholic University.' A letter was also read from the Pope, expressing in warm terms his appreciation of Miss Caldwell's munificence and bestowing the apostolic benediction upon her. A solid gold medal was presented to her as a personal token of the Pope's esteem.

—It is said that Mr. Stevenson's 'Outlaws of Tunstall Forest,' now running in 'syndicates' of American, English, East Indian and Australian papers, originally appeared in the London *Young Folks' Paper*.

—Mr. A. E. Lancaster, literary editor of *The Evening Telegram*, is about to bring out a volume of his poems.

—The June number of *The Book Buyer* is a summer number, and has a new cover appropriate to the season. The author whose portrait is given as frontispiece is Dr. Holmes, who is represented as he looked in 1886, when standing before the camera of a London photographer. A description of the genial poet at home accompanies the likeness. Edith Thomas has an attractive paper on 'Pleasant Ways Through Wood and Field,' which must be very tantalizing reading to city-bound folk; and Arlo Bates has a few words about summer novels, not at all flattering to that class of literature.

—Matthew Arnold's personal estate barely exceeds \$5000. By a will made in 1862, he leaves everything to his wife. A spendthrift son was the chief cause of his dying poor.

—Gen. Sheridan's 'Personal Memoirs' will soon be issued by Charles L. Webster & Co. The General delivered the manuscript last winter, but subsequently recalled it for revision, returning it only on May 15. It will fill two volumes, of 500 to 600 pages each.

—A new journal, *La Revue de Famille*, which made its first appearance in Paris on May 15, has met with an immediate success. It is edited by M. Emile Testard, and will devote its columns wholly to topics of interest to the family circle. Among its contributors will be MM. Alexandre Dumas, Jules Simon, Francois Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Bourget, Louis Ulbach, Ludovic Halévy, Alphonse Daudet and Georges Ohnet.

—Mr. A. B. Starey, editor of *Harper's Young People*, will sail for Europe next Wednesday, and remain abroad until September. Mr. Kirk Munroe will have editorial charge of the paper in his absence.

—'Is Protection a Benefit? a Plea for the Negative,' by Prof. Edward Taylor, will be issued immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co.

—Said the *Times's* Paris correspondent, on May 16:—'The production at the Comédie Française of Richepin's simple and touching story in verse, blocked out in three acts and entitled "Le Flibustier," was a grand success. Its enthusiastic reception is entirely due to the sincerity and nobility of the sentiments, expressed in the most delightful, vibrating verse, allied to a splendidly perfect interpretation.'

—The June *Magazine of American History* completes the nineteenth volume of this valuable publication. Its frontispiece is Robertson's miniature of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

—Gen. Horace Porter considers 'The Philosophy of Courage' in the June *Century*; Mr. Theo. De Vinne describes 'A Printer's Paradise' (the Plantin Museum, Antwerp); and Mr. Kennan tells what he saw at the prison at Tiumen, built to 'accommodate' 800 men and women, but crowded with 1741. Mr. Kennan reminds his readers of the immensity of Siberia by saying that the country would contain the United States, Alaska, and all of Europe except Russia, with 300,000 square miles to spare.

—Franklin's Autobiography, with notes and a continuation of his life, by D. H. Montgomery, is to be published at once by Ginn & Co.

—An interesting outgrowth of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy is a series of lectures on philosophy and art, to be given at Farmington, Conn., this season. There will be in all thirty lectures, two a day (morning and evening), from June 18 to July 6; and each will be followed by a free discussion. There will be two courses, one mainly theoretical and historical, the other mainly practical. In the former an attempt will be made to trace the course of European thought from the Thirteenth Century to the present; and in the latter will be considered 'the prime conditions of human well-being—wealth, health and virtue,—and the modes of reaching them.' The lectures of the morning course, with two exceptions, will be given by Mr. Thomas Davidson, the two other lecturers being Dr. Wm. T. Harris and Mr. Wm. Hovey; while those of the evening course will be given by President Gallaudet of

the National Deaf-Mute College, President Butler of the Industrial Education Association, George Gunton, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Janet E. Runtz-Rees, Raymond S. Perrin, and others. A similar series at St. Cloud, N. J., last year was intended as preparatory and supplementary to the Concord course; but the Concord School is closed this summer, and Mr. Davidson's is independent of it.

—The English *Fishing Gazette* contains the following letter from Sir John Millais, the painter:

It may interest your readers to know that the late Mr. Matthew Arnold was a keen angler. He was my guest at Birnam Hall, on the Tay, in 1866, and was on the water from morning till there was no more light to fish. I was in the boat with him when he killed two fresh run grilse (casting), and I never shall forget his delight, and the pride with which he told me they were the largest fish he had ever caught. The run of water which afforded him so much pleasure had no name, so I have since christened it 'Arnold's Stream.' I was looking forward to his returning this season, when I hoped he would kill a salmon. I need not add how charming his companionship was, and how thoroughly he appreciated the beauties of the Murthly Water.

—In the July *Scribner's*, Prof. Young of Princeton will describe 'An Astronomer's Summer Trip,' which he undertook last year to observe the solar eclipse from a point in Russia. The eclipse was itself eclipsed by bad weather, but the distinguished observer visited some very interesting observatories.

—Cornell University has adopted the report of Prof. Brainard Smith, who was formerly a newspaper man, favoring the establishment of a department of journalism. At the opening of the fall term, classes will be formed from the seniors, juniors, and post-graduates. Prof. Smith will lecture on the condition of newspaper work in the great cities. He will also act as managing editor of a staff of students organized like that of a daily paper, and give instruction in editing copy, condensing it, preparing it for the printer, and in writing head-lines.

—Carducci, the poet, has been selected to deliver the principal oration at the approaching 800 years' jubilee of the University of Bologna, and Franchetti, the composer of 'Israel,' is to set to music the jubilee hymn written by the poet Panzacci.

—Announcement is made of the proposed reissue of a number of controversial pamphlets for and against the Convention, published between its adoption by the Federal Constitution and its ratification by the States. The series contains monographs by Elbridge Gerry, Noah Webster, John Jay, John Dickinson; and half a score of other pamphleteers. It is edited, with notes and a bibliography, by Paul Leicester Ford, and will be published by the editor himself in an octavo volume, only 500 copies of which will be printed.

—Prof. Harrison E. Webster of Rochester University has been elected President of Union College.

—It is authoritatively denied that Mrs. Edwards Pierrepont, of this city, wife of ex-Minister Pierrepont, is the giver of the \$125,000. for a new Recitation Hall to occupy the site on which stands the 'historic' Yale fence.

—G. W. S.' cables to the *Tribune*:

No serious attempt seems likely to be made to interfere with Miss Calhoun's production of the Coleridge-Robertson version of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' Mr. Hatton's priority in time only reminds playgoers of good memories how poor a piece was his 'Hester Prynne.' It never gained a hold on the public nor kept the stage. Mr. Aveling's recent effort seems to have been suggested by some hint that Miss Calhoun intended to use the subject. Mr. Aveling has, however, acquired no rights, either legal or equitable. Mr. Coleridge, to whom the chief portion of the present adaptation is due, and Mr. Robertson, who has supplied many technical hints, have wrought together with a view to turn Hawthorne's novel into a really dramatic form. Rehearsals are well forward, and the strong company engaged to support Miss Calhoun say that they have got a good acting piece. The first night is not yet fixed.

—The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society (a branch of the State Charities Aid Association), wishes to thank the public for its prompt reply to an appeal for reading matter made in November last. The Society also expresses its sense of obligation to THE CRITIC for publishing that appeal. During the past year there have been received 5659 books, 15,000 magazines, and 36,760 weeklies. These have been distributed on Hart's, Ward's, Blackwell's, and Randall's Islands, in the hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, and schools; also in Bellevue Hospital, and in eighty-three private charitable establishments. Among these are the Colored Home and Hospital, Mt. Sinai Hospital, Presbyterian Home, German Hospital, Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, Binghamton Insane Asylum, and Seneca County Almshouse; also the light-houses and life-saving stations. The sub-committee on Christmas cards reports that 7919 cards have been sent out—an increase of 4000 over last year. The crippled and invalid children on Randall's Is-

land, for whom a special appeal was made, have been amply supplied with cards. Many came accompanied by letters from children blessed with health and homes, whose hearts were touched by the plea for sick, outcast, and orphaned children. From all of those to whom reading matter has been sent, the warmest expressions of pleasure and gratitude have been received, which the Society wishes to share with its friends of the press and the public. The Society's office is at 21 University Place.

—A despatch from Boston to the *Tribune*, published on Thursday, reported the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke ill beyond recovery.

—‘The Poets of Maine,’ a large octavo compiled by Mr. George B. Griffith, will be ready for delivery to subscribers very soon. ‘It contains specimens of the verse of over 400 writers’—Longfellow presumably included.

—The *Times* will publish on Sunday, June 3, 10, 17 and 24, a story by Rider Haggard, entitled ‘Mr. Meeson’s Will.’

—Mr. Barrett, a brother of Elizabeth Browning, writes concerning the poet’s birthplace: ‘Mrs. Browning was born at Coxheath Hall, County Durham. Mrs. Althane, my second sister, was born in London. The rest of us were born in Herefordshire. I am the sixth, and, as you may suppose, know nothing of Coxheath. I am not even quite sure I am right in the name. I fancy my father was only the tenant. He married when he was eighteen, and Mrs. Browning was the eldest. My recollections of the past are all connected with Hope End, Herefordshire.’

—Rev. Drs. J. P. Newman and D. A. Goodsell were elected Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church last week. We have already chronicled the election of Drs. Vincent, Fitzgerald and Joyce.

—*The Sun* calls attention to an article by Dr. Popoff, of the Russian Consulate in this city, which appears in the St. Petersburg *European Vestnicky* for April—‘an elaborate and masterly review of the beneficent changes that have been wrought, under freedom, in the condition of the 4,000,000 of enfranchised slaves in the South. . . . No such review has appeared in the United States since the quarter centenary of last January, which, in fact, passed almost unnoticed.’

—The following verses, written in Thackeray’s handwriting and entitled ‘Whims,’ were discovered in a collection of MSS. to be sold by Bangs & Co. on June 9:

I.
There’s Blank the Poet! He from men of yore
Steals an idea and then swears that new ‘tis;
I don’t know which to deprecate the more,
His native ugliness or foreign beauties.

II.
That dear little pianist! Hundreds of hearts
He steals with his borrowed ideas it’s reckoned.
Musicians and girls being victims by starts,
I pity the first lot; I do not the second.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Barr, A. E. The Novels of Besant and Rice.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bell, A. M. World’s English, &c.....	N. D. C. Hodges
Besant, W., and Rice, J. With Harp and Crown, This Son of Vulcan, The Monks of Thelma, and By Celia’s Arbor. \$1.50 each.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Carr, L. Missouri. \$1.25.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cawein, M. J. The Triumph of Macbeth.....	Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.
Christianity in the Daily Conduct of Life. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker
Connelly, E. M. Tilding at Windmills. \$1.50.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Cutts, E. L. Colchester. \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Delitzsch, F. Behold the Man. Tr. by E. C. Vincent, &c. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker
Franklin, B. Complete Works. Ed. by J. Bigelow. Vol. VIII. \$1.50.....	G. P. Putnam’s Sons
Hardy, Thos. Wessex Tales. 30c.....	Harper & Bros.
Heine, H. Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of. Tr. by J. Smodgrass. \$2.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Henderson, G. J. Lingua: an International Language.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Hinsdale, B. A. The Old Northwest. \$3.....	London: Tribune Co.
James, Henry. Partial Portraits. \$1.75.....	Townsend MacCormac
Jewett, S. O. The King of Folly Island. \$1.25.....	Macmillan, Mifflin & Co.
Jones, A. The Names of God. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker
Krehbiel, H. E. Review of New York Musical Season.....	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Lathrop, Rose H. Along the Shore. \$1.50.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Levins, M. Some Thoughts on Life’s Battle. Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co.	
Littlehale, N. M. Dainty Desserts for Dainty Dinners. 50c.....	C. A. Montgomery
Murray, J. C. Solomon Maimon. \$1.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Owen, C. Lessons in Candy-Making. 50c.....	C. A. Montgomery
Owen, C. A Key to Cooking, and Perfect Bread, &c. 50c each.....	C. A. Montgomery
Poole, H. M. Six Cups of Coffee. 50c.....	C. A. Montgomery
Proctor, R. A. Old and New Astronomy. Part II. Longmans, Green & Co.	
Roe, E. P. May and June. 50c.....	Chicago: Laird & Lee
Rox, Mrs. S. T. Hot Weather Dishes. 50c.....	Phila: Arnold & Co.
Scovil, E. R. In the Sick Room. 50c.....	C. A. Montgomery
Shakespeare, Wm. Coriolanus. 50c.....	Cassell & Co.
Stephens, W. R. W. Hildebrand and his Times. 80c.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Stimson, F. J. The Residuary Legatee. \$1.....	Chas. Scribner’s Sons.
Wayne, C. S. Mrs. Lord’s Moonstone. 50c.....	Philadelphia: Wynne & Wayne.
Whistler, J. A. M. Ten o’Clock. 50c.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Critic

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1348.—Where can I find these lines?

The bee through all the garden roves
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves
He settles there, and hums no more.

NEW YORK.

A. S.

No. 1349.—Please tell me some authorities to be consulted on the life and times of Matilda, Countess of Canossa, who figured so prominently in the quarrel between Hildebrand and Henry IV. of Germany. Can I obtain Fiorentini’s ‘Memorie di Matilda la Contessa di Toscana,’ or Amédée Renée’s ‘La Grande Italienne’?

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

S. S. J.

[We have enquired for the two volumes at several libraries, and several book-shops where rare old books are to be found; but although the Renée was printed in Paris as late as 1859, and the Fiorentini in 1756 (with documents and notes by Mansi), they are very difficult to get. It is for this reason that we hesitate to give the long list of authorities quoted at the end of the article on Matilda in the ‘Nouvelle Biographie Générale.’ They are most of them Italian, and printed between the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and therefore as hard to obtain as the volumes enquired for, which, indeed, head the list. On the other hand, the literature of the life and times of Pope Gregory VII. is fertile, and much of it recent, and it doubtless will give material about Matilda, to whose friendship Gregory owed so much. The books named below are taken from McClintock and Strong’s ‘Cyclopaedia of Biblical and Theological Literature’: Dupin, ‘Ecclesiastical Writers’ (of the Eleventh Century); Mosheim, ‘Church History’; Neander, ‘Church History’; Von Ranke, ‘History of the Papacy’; Hase, ‘Church History’; Sir James Stephens, ‘Essays in Eccles. Biography’; Guizot, ‘History of Modern Civilization’; Milman, ‘Latin Christianity’; Bowden, ‘Life and Pontificate of Gregory VII.’; Voigt, ‘Hildebrand als Pabst Gregor VII.’; Floto, ‘Kaiser Heinrich der Vierte und Papst Gregor VII.’]

No. 1350.—Can any one furnish me with the January and February numbers of the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry* for 1886, published in London? If so, please state price.

FRANKLIN, PA.

F. L. B.

No. 1351.—Can any of your readers tell me the authorship of the following lines?

1. Spirit has scars as well as body.

2. Favored in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below,
That length of life is length of woe.

3. A lamp is lit in woman’s eye,
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

4. Praise God, creatures of earth,
For mercies linked with secrecy.

NEW YORK.

M. A. N.

No. 1352.—1. What is the exact height of the Venus de Medici?
2. How should ‘Lewes’ be pronounced?

GREEN NECK, N. Y., March 24th.

S. B. W.

[In the catalogue of a sale of French casts, supposed to exactly reproduce the originals, its height is given as 1 mètre 64 centimètres, or 5 ft. 4½ in. 2. Like ‘Lewis.’]

ANSWERS.

No. 1300.—The tune of ‘My Country ’tis of Thee’ is as popular in Germany as in America and England, and I have heard Germans claim that it was of German origin and simply adopted by the English. One said that the English first received the air from the Hessians during the Revolutionary War; but what was his authority, I do not know.

OAKLAND, CAL.

W. D. A.

No. 1346.—*The Christian Union* of Dec. 8, 1887, said:—We have every reason to suppose that it [the poem, ‘If I Should Die To-night’] was an original contribution to *The Christian Union* of the date named [June 18, 1873]. We reprinted the poem in our issue of May 19, 1887. Since writing the above, we have received a copy of the *Hartford Courant* in which ‘B. S.’ [whose initials were signed to the poem] is shown conclusively to be Miss Belle E. Smith, of Tabor, Iowa, a teacher in Tabor College.

NEW YORK.

R. D. T.